

# The MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

By Harold MacGrath

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"The Million Dollar Mystery" will run for twenty-two consecutive weeks in this paper. By an arrangement with the Thanhouse Film Company it has been made possible not only to read the story in this paper but also to see it each week in the various moving picture theatres. For the solution of this mystery story \$10,000 will be given.

### Conditions Governing the Contest

The prize of \$10,000 will be won by the man, woman or child who writes the most acceptable solution of the mystery, from which the last two reels of the motion picture drama will be made and the last two chapters of the story written by Harold MacGrath.

Solutions may be sent to the Thanhouse Film Corporation, either at Chicago or New York, any time up to midnight, Dec. 14. They must bear postoffice marks not later than that date. This allows four weeks after the first appearance of the last film releases and three weeks after the last chapter is published in the paper in which to submit the solutions.

A board of three judges will determine which of the many solutions received is the most acceptable. The judgment of this board will be absolute and final. Nothing of a literary nature will be considered in the decision, nor given any preference in the selection of the winner of the \$10,000 prize. The last two reels, which will give the most acceptable solution to the mystery, will be presented in the theatres having this feature as soon as it is possible to produce the same.

The story corresponding to these motion pictures will appear in the newspapers coincidentally, or as soon after the appearance of the pictures as practicable. With the last two reels will be shown the picture of the winner, his or her home, and other interesting features. It is understood that the newspapers, so far as practicable, in printing the last two chapters of the story by Harold MacGrath, will also show a picture of the successful contestant.

Solutions to the mystery must not be more than 100 words long. Here are some questions to be kept in mind in connection with the mystery as an aid to a solution:

No. 1—What becomes of the millionaire?

No. 2—What becomes of the \$10,000,000?

No. 3—Whom does Florence marry?

No. 4—What does become of the Russian countess?

Nobody connected either directly or indirectly with "The Million Dollar Mystery" will be considered as a contestant.

### Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Stanley Hargrave, millionaire, after a miraculous escape from the den of the gang of brilliant thieves known as the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for eighteen years. Hargrave one night enters a Broadway restaurant and there comes face to face with the gang's leader, Braine.

After the meeting, during which neither man apparently recognizes the other, Hargrave hurries to his magnificent Riverside home and lays plans for making his escape from the country. He writes a letter to the girl's school in New Jersey, where 18 years before he had mysteriously left on the doorstep his baby daughter, Florence Gray. He also pays a visit to the hangar of a daredevil aviator.

Braine and members of his band surround Hargrave's home at night, but as they enter the house the watchers outside see a balloon leave the roof. The man is found empty, a million which Hargrave was known to have drawn that day was gone. Then some one announced the balloon had been punctured and dropped into the sea.

Florence arrives from the girls' school, Princess Olga, Braine's companion, visits her and claims to be a relative. Two bogus detectives call, but their plot is foiled by Norton, a newspaper man.

By bribing the captain of the Orient Norton lays a trap for Braine and his gang. Princess Olga also visits the Orient's captain and she easily falls into the reporter's snare. The plan proves abortive through Braine's good luck and only hirelings fall into the hands of the police.

After failing in their first attempt, the Black Hundred trap Florence. They ask her for money, but she escapes again telling them:

Braine conceives the idea of giving a coaching party to which Florence is invited. Jones and Nixon both go along and are fortunately on hand to save Florence from being imprisoned in the country house to which she is lured.

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### CHAPTER VII.

When all three finally met at the Hargrave home Florence suddenly took Jones by the shoulders and kissed him lightly on the cheek. Jones started back, pale and disturbed.

Norton laughed. He did not feel the slightest twinge of jealousy, but he was acted up with envy, as the old wives say.

"You are wondering if I suspect the Princess, Perloff?" said Jones.

"I am," said Jones. "I was developing into a very remarkable character. The reporter found himself side-glancing at the thin, keen face of this resourceful butler. The job of the man's foot came within range. Norton reached for a cigarette, but his hands shook as he lit it. There was a peculiar little scar in the center of the nose.

"Well," said Jones, "I can find no evidence that she has been concerned in any of these affairs."

"You are suspicious?"

"Of everybody," looking boldly into the reporter's eyes.

"Of me?" smiling.

"Even of myself sometimes."

Conversation dropped entirely after this declaration.

"You're a taciturn sort of chap."

"Am I?"

"You are. But an agreement is an agreement, and while I'd like to print this story, I'll not."

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Fourteen minutes by the clock brought the car to a stand at the curb a few houses below the Hargrave home. The men got out. The watcher ran up.

"He is still inside," he whispered.

"Good! Spread out. If anybody leaves that house, catch him. If he runs too fast, shoot. We can beat the police."

The men obeyed, and the watcher ran back to his post. He was desperately hoping the affair would terminate tonight. He was growing weary of this eternal vigilance; and it was only his fear of the man known as the boss that kept him at his post. He wanted a night to carouse in, to be with the boys.

The man for whom they were laying in wait was seen presently to creep cautiously round the side of the house. He hugged a corner and paused. They could see the dim outline of his body. The light in the street back of the grounds almost made a silhouette of him. By and by, as if assured that the coast was clear, he stole down to the street.

Instantly the prowler took to his heels. The two shots rang out. The man was seen to stop, stagger, and then go on desperately.

"He's hit!"

By the time the men reached the corner they heard the rumble of a motor. One dashed back to the car they had left standing at the curb. He made quick work of the job, but he was not quick enough. Still, they gave chase. They saw the car turn toward the city. But, unfortunately for the success of the chase, several automobiles passed, going into town and leaving it. Checkmate.

Braine was keen enough tonight. "He is hit," whether badly or not, remains to be seen. We can find that out. Drive to the nearest drug store and get a list of hospitals. It's ten to one shot that we land him somewhere among the hospitals."

But they searched the hospitals in vain. None of them had that night received a shot, and none had they heard one reported. The man had been unmistakably hit. He would not have dared risk the loss of time for a play-acting. Evidently he had kept his head and sought lodgings. To call up doctors would be utterly folly; for it would take a week for a thorough combing. This was the second time the man had got away.

"Perhaps I'm to blame," admitted Braine. "I should have advised Mies to stalk him and get him if he got the chance. There's a master mind working somewhere back of all this, and it's time I woke up to the fact. But you," turning to the auto bandits, "you men have your instructions. More than that, you have been given a free rein. See that you make good, or by the Lord Harry, I'll break the four of you like pipe stems."

"We haven't had a failure yet," spoke up one of the men, more courageous than the rest.

"You are not holding up a bank messenger this trip. Remember that. Drive me as far as Columbus circle. Leave me on the side street, behind the lights, so I can take off this mask."

Later Braine sauntered into Pabst and ordered a light supper. This night's work, more than anything else, brought home to him the fact that his luck was changing. For years he had proceeded with his steady occupations without encountering any memorable failure. He moved in the high world, quite unsuspected. He had written books given lectures, been made a lion of all the while laughing in his sleeve at the gullibility of human nature. But within the last two weeks he had received serious checks. From now on he must move with the utmost caution. Some one was playing his own game, waging warfare unseen. A battle of wits! So be it; but Braine intended to play with the rough wits, and he wasn't going to care which way the sword cut.

He hated Stanley Hargrave with all the hatred of his soul, the hatred of a man balked in love. And the man was alive, defying him; alive somewhere in this city very night, with a bullet under his skin.

"Is everything satisfactory, sir?" he heard the head waiter say.

"Satisfactory," Braine repeated blankly.

"Yes, sir. You struck the table as though it hurt you."

"Oh, that Braine laughed relievedly. "If I struck the table, it was done unconsciously. I was thinking."

"Beg pardon, sir! Anything else, sir?"

"No. Bring me the check."

"Your master gives riding lessons?"

The groom who had led the horse back from Hargrave's eyed his questioner rather superciliously.

"Yes. The groom fondled the animal's legs."

"How much is it?"

"Twenty dollars for a ticket of five rides. The master is the fashion up here. He doesn't enter to any but the best families."

"Very good. Who was that young lady riding this morning with your master?"

"That's the girl all the newspapers have been talking about," answered the groom importantly.

"Actress?"

"Actress! I should say not. That young woman is the daughter of Stanley Hargrave, the millionaire who was lost at sea. And it won't be long before she puts her finger in a pie of four or five millions. If you want any rides, you'll have to talk to her, not to me. She may or may not take any more rides. You'd probably have to ride in the carriage, anyway, as every nag is out in the morning."

"Where's the most popular road?"

"Toward the park; but Miss Hargrave always goes along the riverside road. She doesn't like strangers about."

"O, I see. Well, I'll drop in this afternoon and see your master. They say that riding is good for torpid liver. Have a cigar."

"Thanks."

A free rein; they could work it to suit themselves. There wasn't the least obstacle in the way. On the face of it, it appeared to be the simplest job they had yet undertaken. To get rid of the riding master in some natural way after he and the girl had started. It was like falling off a log.

"Susan," said Florence as she came into breakfast after her exhilarating ride, "did you hear pistol shots last night?"

"I heard some noise, but I was so sleepy I didn't try to figure out what it was."

"Did you, Jones?"

"Yes, Miss Florence. The shots came from the street. A policeman came running up later and said he saw two automobiles on the run. But evidently there wasn't anybody hurt. One has to be careful at night nowadays. There are pretty bad men abroad. Did you enjoy the ride?"

"Very much. But there were spots of blood on the walk near the corner."

"Blood?" Jones caught the back of a chair to steady himself.

"Yes. So some one was hurt. O, let's leave this place!" impulsively. "Let us go back to Miss Farlow's. You could find a place in the village, Jones. But if I stay here much longer in this state of unrest, I shall lose faith in everybody. Whoever my father's enemies are, they do not lack persistence. They have made two attempts against my liberty, and sooner or later they will succeed. I keep looking over my shoulder all the time. If I hear a noise I jump."

"Miss Florence, if I thought it wise, you should be packed off to Miss Farlow's this minute. But not a word of the day or night passes without this house being watched. I seldom see anybody. I can only sense the presence of a watcher. At Miss Farlow's, however, I could not accompany you. I am forbidden to desert this house."

"Mr. father's orders?"

Jones signified neither one way nor the other. He merely gazed stolidly at the rug.

"That blood!" She sprang from her chair, horrified. "It was his! He was here last night, and they shot him! O!"

There, then, Miss Florence! The man was only slightly wounded. He's where they never will look for him. Then Jones continued, as with an effort: "Trust me, Miss Florence. It would not pay to run away. The whole affair would be repeated elsewhere. We might go to the other end of the world, but it would not serve us in the least. It is not a question of escape, but of who shall vanquish the other. There is nothing to do but remain here and fight, fight, fight. We have put four of them in the Tombs, to say nothing of the gnomes. That is what we must do—put them in a safe place, one by one, till we reach the master. The only way we breathe in safety. But if they watch, so do we. There is never a moment when help is not within reach no matter where you go. So long as you do not deceive me, no real harm shall befall you. Don't cry. Be your father's daughter, as I am his servant."

"I am very unhappy!" And Florence threw her arms around Susan and laid her head upon her friend's shoulder.

"Poor child!" Susan, however, recognized the wisdom of Jones' statements. They were safest here.

The morning rides continued. To the girl, who loved the open, it was glorious fun. Those mad gallops along the roads, the smell of earth and sea, the tingle in the blood, were the second best moments of her day. The first? She invariably blushed when she considered what these first best moments were. He was a brave young man, good to look at, witty, and always cheerful. Why shouldn't she like him? Even Jones liked him—Jones, who didn't seem to like anybody. It did not matter whether it was wise or not; a worldly point of view was furthest from her youthful thoughts. It was her own affair; her own heart.

Five days later, as she and the riding master were cantering along the road enjoying every bit of it, they heard behind the beat of hoofs behind. They drew up and turned. A rider was approaching them at a run. It was the head groom. The man stopped his horse in a cloud of dust.

"Sir, the stables are on fire!"

"Fire?"

All the riding master's savings were invested in the stables. The fact that he had solemnly promised never to leave Florence alone and that he had accepted a generous bonus slipped from his mind at the thought of fire, a terrible word to any horseman. He wheeled and started off at breakneck speed, his head groom clattering behind him.

Florence naturally wondered which of two courses to pursue: follow them to confuse the ride and save at least one horse from the terror of peeing flames. She chose the latter. But she did not ride with the earlier zest. She felt depressed. She loved horses, and the thought of them dying in those wooden stables was horrifying.

The fire, however, proved to be incipient. But it was plainly incendiary. Some one had set fire to it with a purpose in view. Norton recognized this fact almost as soon as the firemen. He had come this morning with the idea of surprising Florence. He was going out on horseback to join her.

His spine suddenly cold. A trap! She had been left alone on the road. He ran over to the garage, secured a car, and went humming out toward the river road. A trap, and only by the sheerest luck had he turned up in time.

Meantime Florence was walking her mount slowly. For once the scenery passed unobserved. She was deeply engrossed with her thoughts, some of which were happy and some of which were sad. If only her father could be with her she would be the happiest girl alive.

She was brought out of her reverie by the sight of a man staggering along the road ahead of her. Finally he plunged upon his face in the road. Like the tender hearted girl she was she stopped, dismounted, and ran to the fallen man to give him aid. She suddenly found her wrists clasped in two hands like iron. The man rose his feet, smiling evilly. She struggled wildly but futilely.

"Better be sensible," he said. "I am stronger than you are. And I don't wish to hurt you. Walk on ahead of me. It will be utterly useless to scream or cry out. You can see for yourself that we are in a deserted part of the road. If you will promise to act sensibly I shan't lay a hand on you. Do you see that hut yonder, near the fork in the road? We'll stop there. Now, march!"

She dropped her handkerchief, later her bracelet, and finally her crop in hope that these slight clues might bring her help. She knew that Jones would hear of the fire, and, finding that she had not returned with the riding master, would immediately start out in pursuit. She was beginning to grow very fond of Jones, who never spoke unless spoken to, who was always at hand, faithful and loyal.

From afar came the low rumble of a motor. She wondered if her captor heard it. He did, but his ears tricked him into believing that it came from another direction. Eventually they arrived at the hut, and Florence was forced to enter. The man locked the door and waited outside for the automobile which he was expecting. He was rather dumfounded when he saw that it was coming from the city, not going toward it.

It was Norton. The riderless horse told him enough; the handkerchief and bracelet and crop led him straight for the hut.

The man before the hut realized by this time that he had made a mistake. He attempted to reenter the hut and prepare to defend it till his companions have in sight. But Florence, recognized Norton, held the door with all her strength. The man snarled and turned upon Norton, only to receive a smashing blow on the jaw.

Norton flung upon the door. "Into the car, Florence! There's another car coming up the road. Hurry!"

It was not a long chase. The car of the auto bandits, looking like an ordinary taxicab, was a high power machine; and it gained swiftly on Norton's four-cylinder. The reporter waited grimly.

"Keep your head down!" he warned Florence. "I'm going to take a pot at their tires when they get within range. If I miss, I'm afraid we'll have trouble. Under no circumstances attempt to leave this car. Here they come!"

He suddenly leaned back and fired. It was only chance. The manner in which the cars were lurching made a poor target for a marksman even of the first order. Chance directed Norton's first bullet into the right forward tire, which exploded. Going at sixty-odd miles an hour, they could not stop the car in time to avoid fatality. The car careened wildly, swerved, and plunged down the embankment into the river.

Florence covered her eyes with her hands, and, quite unconscious of what he was doing Norton put his arms around her.

(To be continued.)

## NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Pursuant to power granted to me by virtue of a deed of trust executed July 31st, 1914, by John R. Smith, C. C. Smith and Mattie Smith, as the sole surviving heirs-at-law of Caroline Smith, deceased, I will sell at public outcry, for cash, between the usual hours of sale on the first Monday in October, 1914, for the purposes set out in the aforementioned trust deed, the following described real estate formerly belonging to the said Caroline Smith, deceased: All that tract containing forty-five acres, more or less, situate in Fork township, in the county of Anderson, in the state of South Carolina, adjoining lands of Snow Hill church, J. J. Fretwell and others; it being the same conveyed to the said Caroline Smith by deed from J. A. Coker dated March 29, 1896, of record in the office of the clerk of court for Anderson county, state aforesaid in Book L.L., page 214. Purchaser to pay for deed.

C. F. Harrison, Trustee.

Tues, Sept 1-4 Tues.

Fort Mills' First Sale.

George Morrow, a colored tenant on the plantation of Mrs. J. W. Davidson in Pleasant Valley community, on Wednesday sold the first bale of 1914 cotton on the local market. This was said to be the earliest date on which new cotton has been sold in Fort Mills—Fort Mills Times.

Brothers Had Fight.

Greenville, August 27.—As the result of a fistie encounter between O. K. Mauldin, candidate for state legislature in the campaign just concluded in this county, and his brother, John M. Mauldin, both men were arrested and placed under bonds of \$10 each. The fight occurred yesterday afternoon on the corner of Main and Washington streets and was attended by some excitement. The cause of the altercation was not learned. The arrest was made by Officers Burroughs and Phillips.

## Buy Your Diamond Now

Diamonds are expected to advance in price before Christmas by those who are in touch with the market. So, if you are thinking of buying, now is the time. Our prices are right and we sell perfect goods only.

## John M. Hubbard & Co.

Where Quality is Always Higher than Price.

## VISIT Tallulah Falls EXCURSION

## VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY

## FRIDAY, AUGUST 28th, 1914

The First Excursion to Tallulah Falls, Ga., the Beautiful Garden Spot of Georgia from

Greenville, Anderson, Westminster and Intermediate Points.

Extremely Low Round Trip Fares

## Special Train

| LEAVES        | SCHEDULE    | RATES  |
|---------------|-------------|--------|
| Greenville    | 7.30 a. m.  | \$2.50 |
| Eastley       | 7.55 a. m.  | \$2.25 |
| Liberty       | 8.09 a. m.  | 2.25   |
| Norris        | 8.20 a. m.  | 2.00   |
| Central       | 8.30 a. m.  | 2.00   |
| Calhoun       | 8.40 a. m.  | 1.75   |
| Courtney      | 8.53 a. m.  | 1.75   |
| Anderson      | 9.20 a. m.  | 2.00   |
| Denver        | 9.37 a. m.  | 2.00   |
| Sandy Springs | 9.42 a. m.  | 1.80   |
| Pendleton     | 9.56 a. m.  | 1.80   |
| Seneca        | 10.08 a. m. | 1.65   |
| Richland      | 10.18 a. m. | 1.65   |
| Westminster   | 10.28 a. m. | 1.50   |